

The Saturday Evening Post.

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THE CARRIERS of the SATURDAY EVENING POST present to their Patrons the following Address, on the commencement of the year 1828.

TIME, the dread Traveller, whose way knows not obstruction,—whose career Naught but the UNREPEATED can stay, Hath, to Eternity's wide scroll, The nameless record of the soul, Added, with tireless hand, a Year.

PATRONS! 'Tis ours with artless song To greet ye—and the hope we frame, That peace her visits may prolong To you, boasts but the simple name OF GRATITUDE—this shall be yours While feeling, or while Truth endures.

We envy not the sparks that gleam Within the heart, to virtue dead, Where Gratitude, angelic theme! Her oil of kindness never shed. Colder that breast than Zemble's snow, Where naught but selfishness can glow.

We haste, exultingly, to share The willing smile our toil hath won, This to deserve hath been our aim; Bestow it, and the boon we'll wear Upon our hearts, our guide, our sun,—Obtain'd, we ask no other fame.

For you—hath labour lent her hours, And diligence bestowed its prime; From sea and land, from every coast Intelligence with all her powers Hath cull'd her sweets—and every clime Hath yielded tribute for our Post.

The wrongs of nations, and the deed Of cruelty, our page have dy'd; Nor have we shunn'd, with honest zeal And crime-detesting warmth, to speak Of those who bade the guiltless bleed, And roll'd the desolating tide Over fertile plains, and sheath'd their steel Within the bosom of the Greek.

And, passing moments to amuse, The din of conflict was the theme, Not, gentle Patrons! that we choose To stain our sheet with *glory's* dream, Were choice our own, O surely naught But soothing sounds should meet the ear! Since Cumming with M'Duffie fought Our page must be the chronicler.

To talk of *Cologne water* sure Was naughty, and the silken vest To barricade the hero's breast, Indeed, indeed, sir! was a lure Of wicked wags; for we've no doubt They, too, were brave, or such a rout Would not have serv'd the summer long To feast the wits, or aid our song.

Old England—seat of base intrigue Of beggary and royal pride, Has been our theme—the Holy League, And Londonderry's suicide,—But chief of all—the visit royal Of that good monarch, the 4th George, (Who landed from a silk barge,) To his true Scottish subjects loyal,—What glorious times when Edinburgh's Rush'd forth to bid the king good morrow! Walter,—we mean Sir Walter came, Sir Walter in the peerless name, Of many a lady, eye of note, And with a speech well cou'd by rote, Gave a rich Cross of silver ore, To him who ne'er had cross before.

DEAR NATIVE LAND! still dost thou claim The heart's warm impulse ever true—First born of Freedom! heir of fame, Our fondest wishes rise for you, But whence the bloom that shrouds thy shore Why droop thy beautiful laurels so? 'Tis ALLEN well'ring in his gore, Crush'd by the hellish pirate foe.

Island of blood! thy bounding waves Are deeply stain'd with loathing crime,—Land of the despot, soil of slaves—Thy name shall blot the scroll of Time. See Vengeance rising from her throne, Arm'd with the trophies of the tomb,—That mercy thou hast never known Shall not avert thy righteous doom.

PATRONS!—our gratulations still Attend you through time's brief career,—May heaven our ardent wish fulfil That mercies rich may crown your Year.

HOME.

Home! 'tis the name of all that sweetens life, It speaks the warm affections of a wife; The lulling babe that prattles on the knee, In all the playful grace of infancy; The spot where fond parental love may trace The glowing virtues of an infant race; Oh! 'tis a word of more than magic spell, Whose sacred power the wanderer best can tell. He who long distant from his native land, Feels at the name of home his soul expand; Whether as patriot, husband, father, friend, To that dear point his wishes bend; And still he owns, where'er his footsteps roam, Life's choicest blessings centre all at home.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

"Hard hearted avarice guards with bolted door, His useless treasures from the starving poor; Loads the lone hours with misery and care, And lives a beggar to enrich his heir."

Avarice is a vice of very extensive influence among men, and it has often called forth severe censures from the pens of moralists and writers who have laboured to correct the follies of mankind. St. Paul declared, "money is the root of all evil."—The man who loves money merely for its own sake, without regard to the good purposes of life it is designed to serve, is a miser; and this depravity of heart seems in many instances, to show itself in very early life, and leads to the commission of crimes, so numerous, that no wonder it should be stigmatized as the most prolific source of evil. It produces an uncharitable, an unnatural temper towards our fellow creatures—it blunts all the finer feelings of the soul—it hardens the heart against the sufferings of humanity, and shuts the ear to the cries of distress. These are comparatively mild, but detestable effects of an avaricious spirit which becomes most execrable when it breaks forth against the public weal, whets the assassin's knife, and immolates its victim on the bloodstained altar of its own rapacity.

"When avarice enslaves the mind And selfish views alone bears sway, 'Tis man turns a savage to his kind, And blood and rapine mark his way."

Melancholy, indeed, would be the picture of only half the enormities committed for the sake of money—and if we may judge mankind by their actions, the love of pelf would be found to be the universal predominant passion—showing itself in youthful life, increasing with the increase of years, and flourishing more than any other corrupt propensity amid the decays of old age.—What a wonderful spectacle to view the battered body, tottering under the infirmities of years, no longer able to enjoy the pleasures fitted for it, seeking enjoyment amid heaps of accumulated wealth, and deluded by its deceitful splendour, is ready to exclaim "Money thou art my God!"—But what must be the inward condition of the soul of the covetous and the rich—he is continually upon the rack—suffers perpetual anxiety and apprehension for the safety of his treasure—a trifling loss frets his spirit, and if disappointment attends any of his schemes of adding to his possessions, he "turns away his face and will eat no bread."

"Deluded man, self-erect and perverse of heart, Risks for vain toys the jewel of his soul." R.

The Emigrant;

OR, THE BIRD OF PARADISE.

TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN.

In the demolition of old buildings, many an honest creature is driven from its resting place.—Thus it happened in the destruction of the ancient French monarchy. Noblemen of the different orders, emigrated in bands from their native country. Many took up arms to recover their lost rights; many went, as the 'prentice boys express themselves, to fight. A hero of this description passed through Bavaria, begging from door to door. His shabby coat had been so roughly treated by the hand of time, that it was similar in appearance to a sieve; yet some traces of its former grandeur, and the cross of the order of Louis fixed in the buttonhole, was still visible. He entered a village, which had been nearly deprived of all its inhabitants, in order to fill the army. Elspeth, the wife of the magistrate, sat alone before the house door; her imagination was roaming in the fields of Elvium, employed with the spirit of her first husband, who had died about twelve months previously, and whom, to the great vexation of her second mate, she could never forget. Otherwise, reader, mark well, she was a little simple and a little deaf. The emigrant opened his petition with her in broken German. Elspeth inquired meekly, "from what country, friend?" The Knight answered, "from Paris."

"From Paradise?" exclaimed the simple, hard hearing rustic, staring him in the face. "From Paradise?" repeated she, astonished.

"Direct from there," replied the Frenchman; who immediately resolved to apply this strange mistake either to his diversion, or if he could, to his advantage.

"From Paradise?" she asked the third time, her hands clasped over her head in astonishment. "In my whole life I never saw any person that came from that place."

"Very probable. There are daily new things occurring under the sun." "Then you are really from the place where the good live after their death?" "Certainly yes!" "Why then you must know my dear, blessed husband?" "Without doubt. What is his name?" "Martin." "Martin—Martin—there are many Martins there; I know a tall, a thick—" "The thick! the thick!" "The thick Martin? The honest fellow? Oh! he is my most intimate friend!" "Is that so, and he a right good soul? Well how does he do?" "Sometimes not for the best." "Oh, ave Maria, what ails him?" "He is hearty as a mule, but has often nothing whatever to eat." "The poor man!" "His dress is likewise very shabby, and he is a real Sautoult only." "The unfortunate fellow! If any person could help him!" "That you can do easily yourself." "Were it only possible. Dear sir, or angel—I don't rightly know how I shall call you—only tell me how." "Through me. True, I was never accustomed to carry messages, but always kept people enough about me, who did every thing I required; yet in friendship for your husband, if you wish to send him a bundle of clothes and some money. I will take it for him." "Oh, that I will do from the bottom of my soul!" "Then you are returning again to Paradise?" "Certainly. In three days I shall be there again."

Elspeth immediately went to work, and gathered the holiday suits of her former husband, filled a purse with ducats, and gave all to the emigrant, with these words, "Carry the whole bundle to Martin to ameliorate his sad condition, and salute him a thousand times for me." "Good," was the reply, "it shall certainly be delivered; but you must give me some money for messenger's fees, and likewise some to pay toll at the gate of the holy St. Peter." Having obtained what he demanded he departed.

Shortly afterwards, Casper, the magistrate, returned from the fields, and his spouse related the occurrence to him.

"Oh, you unlearned simpleton!" he angrily exclaimed, "you have suffered yourself to be finely overreached. This may have been, for aught I know, a fine bird of Paradise. Which way went the cheat?"

Elspeth pointed out the direction, and the magistrate ordered his servant immediately to saddle the horse, which having been performed, he immediately mounted and put him to his speed. The Knight in the mean time, had not travelled a small space; he had already reached a small forest, some distance off when he heard the sound of a horse in full gallop approaching him. "Ha!" thought he, "without doubt a person in pursuit of me." He hastily hid his bundle in a thicket; then like an unsuspecting traveller, went slowly a few steps farther on, and that he might not be too far from his booty he seated himself on a stone at the way side. A turn in the road prevented the magistrate from witnessing this transaction; and in spite of his imagined wisdom he had entirely forgotten to ask a description of the Bird of Paradise; he therefore thought—shall I suspect this pilgrim who seems so innocent, and withal has no bundle?—No, this would be unjust. In consequence of this, he rode up and inquired whether he had not seen a good-for-nothing scoundrel pass by with a bundle? "Yes, indeed," said the Frenchman, "this moment a nimble fellow, with a bundle under his arm, leaped over the fence and forced himself into the thicket. I had my own thoughts of him. I thought perhaps he might be a thief?" "To be sure it is such a d—d dog!" exclaimed Casper; "if I catch him, I will beat him soundly. I am only at a loss where to leave my horse, as I can't ride over fences, thorns and hedges." "No no, that won't do," cried the sharper; "stay, I'll assist you, and hold him until you return; but then you must give me a few coppers." "That I will," said the magistrate, and sprung from his horse, gave the bridle to the emigrant, and ran full speed into the forest. The Knight of the rueful countenance had no sooner lost sight of the imprudent man, than rejoicing that he had so easily likewise obtained a horse, saddle and bridle, mounted the steed and was off quick as lightning.

Casper searched the forest until his garments were almost torn to pieces. Tired of the fruitless chase, he returned, and was murmuring that notwithstanding the loss he had already sustained, he must yet reward the person holding his horse.—With these thoughts he arrived at the place whence he had departed from two hours before, and was much surprised to see neither man nor horse.

"What is the meaning of this?" With these words he stretched his neck, stood upon his tiptoes and cried out, "Hallo! where are you with the horse?" Receiving no answer, he became enraged, stamped on the ground, and finally climbed up a tree, where he could see several miles around him, but beheld no horse.

"And then with dreadful rage he cries, 'Villain he is, I see full well! Oh thou cur'st bird of Paradise, That thou might'st end thy ride in hell!'"

With more wishes of the same kind, he descended from the tree, and fatigued cast himself on the earth, and uttered the following soliloquy: "No man can be wise at all times. Yes, if a person has been wise for fifty years, still at last a foolish moment will overtake him. Oh! Casper, Casper, you pursued a rogue and suffered him to overreach you. This, with respect to me, is a touch of a fool's wisdom. How I lost my horse, I dare not even tell my wife, whom I am always upbraiding with her ignorance, lest she laugh at me in her sleeve, and forever afterwards hold up my wisdom in disrespect. Hm! how shall I quicken my horse?" He considered a moment, then sprung up, exclaimed, "that will do," and hastened home.

Elspeth, his spouse, stood at the door. He went up to her in a friendly manner, and said, "This time I ask your pardon. You have trusted your present for the blessed Martin to a safe hand. The honest fellow that troubles himself with it, really resides in Paradise, and showed me his genuine passport, signed by the holy Saint Peter."

"Oh, then there is another load from my mind," answered she, "but why do you return on foot?" "Is it possible you are so simple that you cannot guess the reason?" said Casper; "why then I will tell you.—The good, obliging fellow fatigued and wearied himself so much with your heavy bundle, that I pitied him; and that he might be able to prosecute his journey with greater ease and facility, I made him a present of the horse."

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Time, and the improvements of science, have introduced such changes and alterations into the English language that it now requires considerable application and labor to decipher the text of some antique works, printed two or three centuries ago—even the orthography of ancient times is calculated to puzzle the brains of some readers. Words, which doubtless had a specific and plain meaning in former days, have now become obsolete, or convey a meaning quite different. Thus, St. Paul, in some very old English translations of the New Testament, is made to style himself in his epistles, "a villain of Jesus Christ," "a knave of Jesus Christ"—these would be very absurd terms to call the holy Apostle in our day. There is no doubt but that many obscurities of the sacred text owe their origin to this change in our language. The pages of Shakespeare are so replete with obscure phrases, and obsolete terms, that the commentators of the learned, are indispensably requisite to unravel his meaning. In an old work, supposed to have been printed some centuries ago, there are some verses addressed to a young lady (of beauty and merit no doubt) in which her admiring lover calls her "a fair haired trulle," "a loulie wench," &c.

very tender and endearing epithets, at that time probably—but very *mal apropos* in love's vocabulary in our time. *Wench* was formerly a common term for a young girl, now it will only apply to niggers, or as they call themselves "*ladies of colour*."

Pedant, used to mean a schoolmaster—now the word gives you an idea of a stiff, formal and conceited man of literature. Leech, signified a medical doctor; so in Dryden,

"Wise leeches will not vain receipts intrude
While growing pains pronounce the humours crude."

These are but a few of the whimsical synonyms used in olden times—and altho' we think our language has attained great perfection, posterity may deride us for our awkward absurdities of diction.

FRAMPTON.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

IDLE HOURS—No. 6.

It was now that season of the year when spring, released from the prison-house of nature, trails her beauties over hill and valley, and re-animates the torpid insects of summer. The groves put forth their little leaves to the sun, while flowers were springing up in the meadows, the labourers' axe was heard in the distant woodlands, and the wags hummed along the sunny wall of the cottage.

Louisa looked with a melancholy eye over the scene which a year ago she regarded with delight. She appeared as if awakened from a dream, the magic fondness of which had fed her. But as the reader is, perhaps, desirous to know something of the parent of Louisa, and is no doubt, even now, wondering what the old gentleman could think of the affair—for it was beginning to make a pretty loud noise in the neighbourhood, and it very often happens, especially in small towns, that every one knows much more about the affairs of his neighbour than about his own, particularly in matters of love. And so in this case. Matrons shrugged their shoulders as they looked upon their daughters; the Maids screwed up their mouths and looked slyly at each other—while the young lads and modest lasses of the village, who, of course, must have something to talk about, had fast hold of this as a subject of universal interest. But, pardon me, this is a digression. Her father, I was going to say, was one of those active men we often meet with, who are eternally busy about they know not what—care little about the affairs of others, and know less about his own. When the weather would permit he was commonly seen sitting in his porch, with a book lying at his side, though he read little else than the almanac, and has often been heard to say, "if he could only live comfortably it was all he desired." Her mother had been a woman of a very different disposition. Always careful of whatever concerned the welfare of her family, she had spared no pains in imparting the useful admonitions of her experience, and had she lived Louisa would certainly have been a different girl. But the uncertainty of life often leaves us destitute of friends when most we need them, and Louisa often reflected upon the adieu given by her mother, and could now regret the deprivation of her guardian fondness.

Days, weeks, and months passed away, Louisa heard nothing to induce her to hope, and she resolved when Alfred returned to bring about a reconciliation with him. Her former regard for him now returned. She went no where but she beheld something to call to mind their early happiness. Every flower that sprung up in her garden recalled to her recollection, and when seated in the green arbour where oft they had sat together, she now could only feel lonely and sad. In her reflecting moments she often fancied she saw him far at sea, standing pensively upon deck with his face turned towards home, while the ship dashed proudly onward through the curling waves of the ocean.

Alfred's success in trade was beyond his most sanguine expectations, and the next season he returned with a large fortune. The knowledge he had acquired by travelling added greatly to his improvement, so that he was considered not only the richest but the most accomplished gentleman known at the village. Immediately after his arrival, he took a journey to the westward which gave Louisa no opportunity of seeing or having any communication with him. He here met with a lady of distinguished merit, whom he soon after married. He returned, purchased an elegant situation at some distance from his native village, where he has ever since resided, and enjoyed all the happiness of conjugal love. The father of Louisa died some years since; she now lives with a distant relative, scarcely known to any but the family where she resides. Age has begun to draw his wrinkles on her face—the lustre of her eye has departed and she now feels herself neglected and miserable.

Such is the story of Louisa—Whoever reads may comment for themselves. H—

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

BROAD HINTS.

It is no place to learn manners at Church, and on that account perhaps it may not be amiss to learn some before we go. My Uncle is good at writing and giving advice, and from him I received the following directions, which, if well attended to, may enable our hopeful youth to shine—

1. Enter the Church after the sermon has commenced, making as much noise as possible with your bound boots; this will exempt you from being thought *canaille*, and make even the sexton stare at you.

2. Take your seat if possible, under the pulpit if the house be crowded, or else in the first pew; by this you will be taken for a stranger of distinction.

3. If you happily use tobacco let the ladies know it; tincture a white dress or silk shoe and you are the ton.

4. Don't forget to stare in the ladies' faces; if you miss this you never will be thought a man of the world.

5. If you are a parent be sure that your children run out and in during service; the noise of the pew doors will be delectable; if you can contrive to make all the persons in the pew rise at their exit and entrance, admirable!—*Section 2d* Your children should be well versed in tearing and soiling hymn books, throwing hats down, &c.

6. As all genteel people stay from church in the afternoon, you will of course do so; however, as a compliment to the preacher, send your children; this will not only be agreeable to the congregation but will evince your care in instructing your offspring in manners.

7. After hearing a sermon, find as much fault as possible; this will show good sense; should any well informed person defend it, tell him that if he minister would call black, white, he would swallow it—this is the best way to stop discussion.

8. If the preacher has thrown a light on his subject by good translation of scripture, do not forget to warn your friends against him—say he's an infidel.

9. One thing never forget! all our youth should recollect it. Lounge round the steps about meeting time, warm near the door—this conduct will perhaps recommend you as seasons, and is peculiarly gratifying to ladies.

Now, Mr. Printer, let the nine rules be studied, and when I go again to church will think of something else as it is a fine field for politeness. FULLY SMALLIFY.

COLLECTANEA.

SELECTED FROM A LONDON PUBLICATION.

THE APPARITION.

"'Twas silence all—the rising moon
With clouds had veild her light;
The clock struck twelve, when lo! I saw
A very shilling sight."

Pale as a snow ball was its face,
Like icicles its hair;
For mantle, it appear'd to me
A sheet of ice to wear."

Though seldom given to alarm,
Indeed, I'll not dissemble,
My teeth all chatter'd in my head,
And every joint did tremble."

At last I cried, "Pray who art thou,
And whether do you go?"
"Methought the phantom thus replied—
"My name is *Silly Snow*."

My father is the Northern Wind,
My mother's name was Water,
Old Parson Winter married them,
And I'm their hopeful daughter!"

I have a lover, Jacky Frost,
My dad the match condemn'd;
I've ran from home to night, to meet
My lover on the Thames!"

I stopp'd Miss Snow in her discourse,
This answer just in ear—
"I hope it John and you unite,
You union won't be lasting."

Besides, if you should marry him,
You never would do well, oh! I
For I know Jacky Frost to be
A very slippery fellow!"

She sat her down before the fire;
My wonder now increases,
For she I took to be a maid,
Now tumbled into pieces!"

For "air, thin air," did Hamlet's ghost
His form at cock-crow burst;
But what I saw and now describe
Dissembl'd itself to Water!"

CARD EXTRAORDINARY.

Samuel Bonnet, sole executor and residuary legatee of the late Mr. Jarman, chimney-sweeper, begs leave to inform the ladies and gentlemen of Penzance, that he has succeeded in the brushes and broom, and (he humbly hopes) in the abilities of his benefactor. Samuel Bonnet himself, that those ladies and gentlemen who may favour him with their commands, will find his efforts marked by the same *accuracy of tone, dexterity of manner, precision of movement, and harmony of handling*, which distinguished the execution of his never-to-be sufficiently lamented predecessor.

Among his sires,
In yonder grove, the druid sleeps
But blaze ye fires,
For in his room.

And with a kindred skill, a kindred chimney sweeps.

N.B.—Six key chimneys cured on Count Rumford's principles. Grates fixed, and appliances ascertained with the nicest accuracy, whether intended for culinary or useful purposes—to raise a goose, or warm an old maid.

PERTSHIRE RECOLLECTIONS.

B. and M. and Mary Grey,
They were two bonny lassies;
They built a bowser on your burn brae,
And thatched it o'er w' rashes.

During the mortal plague which raged in Scotland about the middle of the 15th century, these "two bonnie lassies," in a mingled spirit, perhaps of romance and prudent caution, retired to a pleasant "burn side," on the estate of Lord —, in Perthshire, where they built them a little house of the shrubs and bushes which waved in sweet luxuriance around them; and providing a supply of such comforts of nature as they should direct, designed to remain in their happy seclusion till the terrors of the pestilence were overpast. A lover of one of our fair friends, however, impelled by affection, made a visit to their asylum, and unfortunately bore with him the mortal infection in his clothing. The dear object of his son's regard felt the first victim. The dear companion of her more moment shortly followed; and the same mass-grown grave which wraps their common clay, is still pointed out to the passing traveller, and is still hallowed by a thousand tender sentiments.

A country parish in New-Hampshire proposed to their pastor to raise his salary from \$250 to \$500 per annum. "Spare me, my christian friends," replied the worthy man "it is a weary burden to collect the \$250; I should be worn to death by trying to scramble together the \$500."

Written on hearing a Sermon preached by ELIAS HICKS, 12th Mo. 12, 1822.

When we saw thee stand before us,
Heard the words thy lips imparted,
Felt that heavenly Love was o'er us,
For each sentence touch'd the heart.

To the work by Heaven appointed,
Thou the light of Truth hast shed,
Coming as the Lord's anointed,
Knowledge of His will to spread.

As on Sinai's holy mountain
Shone the prophet's face divine,
Effulgent thus from heavenly fountains
Days of Truth illumined thine.

Like some Angel sent from Heaven,
To instruct the human race,
Were thy admonitions given
From the source of Truth and Grace.

Thou dost teach the doctrine teachest,
But that which was erst received;
God's eternal Truth thou preachest,
That His Saints have all believed.

From that hour the Star of Glory
Shone on Judea's hallow'd ground,
When the Shepherds sang the story,
When the Infant King was found.

Thro' the gloom of darkest ages,
Truth has shone with piercing ray,
And the balm that pain assuages
Sied on hearts that own'd its way.

To the Light of Grace inhaling,
Thro' the darkness of our souls,
We must bow with hearts inclining,
To His will that ours controuls.

Thus we learn by Revelation,
What the will of God makes known;
Thus we bow in adoration,
Humbly at the Saviour's Throne.

Need we then the long narration,
As the means our Heaven to win;
No, we purchase our Salvation
By the Light of Christ within.

By the eternal Word of Power,
Manifest within the mind,
Acting in the silent hour,
On the thoughts of human kind.

For this Holy Truth professing,
Long our fathers suffered sore,
Long contended for the blessing,
Given to the Saints before.

Now, again the way thou showest
That the Apostles ever trod;
Heaven reward Thee as thou goest
On the errand of thy God.

Persecutions here attend thee,
Which the Saints have ever known;
But the Eternal shall defend thee
From the shafts that hate has thrown.

May'st thou, when from hence retiring,
When this tour of toil shall cease,
Feel thy soul to God aspiring,
And enjoy His holy peace.

FROM THE RICHMOND ENQUIRER.

Obituary of an old Acquaintance.—Died on Tuesday night last, precisely at twelve o'clock, a lady who is known to us all, and has been our companion for the last twelve months. As was formerly said of another member of the same family, she is quietly buried in the family vault of eternity. Her offspring, all of whom were cut off at the same time, consisted 565 sons and daughters, called *days and nights*; 8760 grand children, married into the family of the *hours*; 522,000 great grand children, named *minutes*; and 31,536,000 great great grand children, of the piny race of the *seconds*.

This good lady, who has seen so many of the sons and daughters of the earth sink into the bosom of their mother, now herself bears witness to the inconstancy of all things.—She has seen beauty cut off in its prime; genius suddenly snatched from the admiring eye of men; she has seen Canova himself laid in his tomb—she has seen a prime minister of England become his own assassin—she has seen some of our own sweetest and tenderest ties rent asunder, private fortunes upturned, and public empires silently or openly yielding to the touch of Revolution. Though not a witness to as many important events as several of her predecessors, yet she too has witnessed many a struggle. She has seen the genius of liberty firmly planting her foot on the shores of South America—she has seen the empire of the Montezumas usurped by a pretended imitator of the virtues of Washington—she has beheld a constitutional government more permanently organized in Portugal and Spain—the Greeks starting from the slumber of twelve hundred years, and almost vying with the heroes of Marathon and Thermopylae—she has seen the dark conclave of legitimate princes hatching new schemes of usurpation within the halls of Verona—the world regarding them like the baleful comet "portending change;" and ruin to the rights of mankind. In these United States she has collected but little to enter into the tablets of history—our people at peace—our prosperity silently advancing—and no important struggle exhibited; but only the distant theories of a contest for the chief office of the government.

She has gone, but bequeathing as her successor another who is like her. While we write upon her tomb the name of

MDCCCXXII
we should remember how fugitive is time, and how impossible it is to arrest it.

Miscarp.

We have lately had the satisfaction to receive, says the N. Y. Statesman, through the agency of a friend of Messrs. Carey & Lea, a copy of a work recently published by them in Philadelphia, and published simultaneously under the superintendence of their agent in England, entitled "An account of an Expedition from Pittsburgh to the Rocky Mountains, performed in the years 1819 and 1820, by order of the Hon. J. C. Calhoun, Secretary of War, under the command of Major Sir Peter H. Long, from the notes of Major Long, Mr. T. Say, and other gentlemen of the exploring party, compiled by Edwin James, botanist and geologist to the expedition."

We understand the patronage of the war department has been extended to the gentlemen who have been nearly a year engaged in arranging and condensing their voluminous materials for the press, and we take pleasure in announcing the result of their labors as very repays with important information relating to the aboriginal inhabi-

tants, the geography, ethnology, zoology, botany, climate, and natural resources of an extensive and heretofore almost unknown portion of our country. The work is comprised in two large octavo volumes, accompanied by an atlas containing maps, geological sections and landscape views. The maps and sections appear to have been constructed by Major Long, and the landscape views are by Mr. Seymour, who was attached to the expedition as draftsman.

The matter connected with natural history and the manners and customs of the Indians has been collected and arranged by Mr. Say and Dr. James assisted by Mr. T. Peale. They have also had the benefit of the MSS. of the late Dr. Baldwin, who was originally botanist to the expedition, and the MSS. of M. Jessup, who was attached to the exploring party as mineralogist until it arrived at Council Bluffs.

On reading this valuable and scientific work, we have distinguished, among much highly interesting matter, as papers of superior merit, the treatise on Indian manners and customs by Mr. Say, and the geological report by Dr. James. The style of the work is throughout unaffected, perspicuous, and sometimes elegant; the subjects of inquiry are numerous and the remarks are recorded in the form of a journal or diary, with manifest precision and veracity. For depth of research, scope of observation, and accuracy of scientific detail, the volumes before us may be compared with the splendid productions of the most distinguished European travellers. To Major Long, assisted by Lieut. Graham and Cadet Swift, we are principally indebted for the astronomical and meteorological observations, as well as for the facts illustrative of the geography of the regions visited by the expedition. The narrative is given in the language of Dr. James, and is enriched by the contributions of several gentlemen of the party who have kept voluminous and minute journals.

Can'tour, accuracy, various knowledge, diligent observation, insatiable curiosity, and devotion to his pursuit, seem to have qualified the compiler for his arduous and responsible undertaking. The execution of the maps and other decorations is in a respectable style, and we judge the whole work to be the most satisfactory production of the kind hitherto presented to the American public.

Weekly Compendium.
FOREIGN.

Hunt made his formal entry into London, Nov. 10th with a cavalcade of 10,000 horsemen, chariots, banners, inscriptions, &c.

General Morillo arrived at Madrid on the 4th of November, under a strong escort, and was immediately conducted to prison. A great sensation has been excited at Constantinople, by a firman against articles of luxury, the particular objects of which are furs, cashmere shawls, silks, &c. whether of European or Indian manufacture. The English merchants were seriously affected by its operation.

News from Ceuta mentions, that the Emperor of Morocco, who had put himself at the head of his troops to punish a rebellious province, has been completely defeated, and forced to fly to Tangier.

News from Genoa states, that the British Consul at Tripoli has been assassinated in a popular tumult.

Extract of a letter from Candia. "The last enterprise of the Turks in this island has totally failed: their army of 21,000 strong has been beaten in all its points of attack. A corps of Albanians, in the service of the Pacha of Egypt, has been almost entirely destroyed. More than 8,000 men have been lost during this campaign. The Greek army is scarcely 12,000 strong."

M. Berzelius, Secretary of Sciences at Stockholm, has been nominated by the Royal Academy of Sciences at Paris, to the situation of the Foreign Member of that institution, rendered vacant by the death of the celebrated astronomer Herschell.

The London Traveller says, "Mr. Chas. Brinsley Sheridan's Thoughts of the Greek Revolution" convey one piece of important intelligence, and we think it deserves undoubted reliance. "The Greeks have risen in order to recover Greece." Now this information is concise, clear, and intelligible, which is more than can be said of any other page in the pamphlet.

A quarrel took place at Frome, in Somersetshire, between two men; when about to set-to, one of them observed that his opponent had but one eye, and scornfully taking the least advantage, immediately and gallantly tied his handkerchief over one of his own eyes.

Religion has suffered a deep wound thro' one of its most eminent dignitaries. The ecclesiastical authorities, after a long and patient investigation, having been satisfied of the guilt and aggravation of the unnatural crime committed by Lord John George de la Poer Beresford, Lord Bishop of Clogher, have publicly pronounced his see to be vacant, and have ordered its name to be changed, to efface if possible the recollection of his infamy. The wretched being has fled to the continent to avoid the punishment of death which would await his conviction before a civil tribunal. His connections are of the highest respectability and worth, and are in the deepest distress. He was next brother of the Marquis of Waterford.

A correspondent on whom we place much reliance, has favoured us with the following anecdote, which has not before appeared in print:—The celebrated Mr. C—ke of Norfolk, whose predilection for bearing Radical Addresses to the throne is proverbial, had laid so many at the feet of the most exalted Personage in the realm, that at length his majesty with a good humoured smile, said to him, "If you bring me up any more of these Addresses, C—ke, I'll surely *knave* you."

The house of Assembly of Jamaica, has passed a bill, authorising a duty of 3s. per gallon, on all brandy and gin imported into that Island. This measure has been resorted to in order to check the practice of smuggling, which was carried to so great an extent as materially to affect the revenue.

Three culprits were lately convicted at Montreal, of manslaughter, and a part of the sentence of the court was, that they should each be burnt in the hand. The Governor General has remitted that part of the sentence.

A man named Francois Frichett a Canadian, lately died at Montreal in consequence of having been bitten by a dog.

Several of the passengers in the Post Coach, which runs from Kingston to Montreal, were much hurt by its upsetting on the road on the 25th ult. Mr. McGillivray and Mr. Fraser, are mentioned as having received very severe contusions.

Agents from the Canadian Unionists and Anti-unionists, are to be sent to London.

In Canada, a Canal is contemplated from Lake Erie to Lake Ontario.

It is affirmed in a letter from Lagaira, that Mr. Zea has raised upwards of nine million dollars in London, for the Colombian Republic, and bought an immense quantity of clothing and necessaries for the army.

The U. S. brig Spark, arrived at Port Royal, Jamaica, on the 6th ult. On the 27th Nov. a Spanish fleet from Cadiz, consisting of 11 vessels, one of which was a frigate, with 2000 troops on board, for Vera Cruz, appeared off Barracoa, and sent in a ketch to procure pilots for the Gulf of Mexico.

An account is given in one of the latest London papers of the capture, by the Police, of a company of players, and their audience. It appears that complaints had repeatedly been made by the inhabitants in the Kent road, against certain scenes that were exhibited at an old floor cloth manufactory in Manning-place, which had been converted into a Temple for the Muses, which was nightly visited by the most abandoned of both sexes. Two pence was the price of admittance, but even a penny was not refused. The night of the capture, there was supposed to be 500 persons in the house. Jane Shore was the play, which was suddenly cut short by the Police Officers. The scene that followed beggars description—and the whole was enlivened by the bawling of children, the screams of the women and the noise of the men. Several dogs, too, had got admission, and added to the noise which was raised. The performers, eight in number, and 150 of the audience, were marched to the Police Office, with all the dramatic apparatus—daggers, gold and silver decorations, glittering clothes, thunder, rain and wigs.—The whole of the persons underwent an examination. Those who gave a fair account of themselves were discharged, but the others were sent off to the Brixton Tread Mill.

A tradesman residing in Crown-street, Westminster, was brought up, at the instance of his wife, for *salting* her. The complainant stated, that she had been married to the defendant only ten months.—On the 25d September she had taken a warrant against him for kicking her shins; but, thinking he would alter his conduct, and be *sociable*, she did not cause it to be executed, but having again *salted* her, she had him apprehended. The magistrate asked her to state on what day she had been *salted*, or rather assaulted?—She blushed, and hesitatingly said, she only wanted her husband to be *sociable*! The defendant said his wife was a most capricious woman, and he was at a loss to know for what he had been brought up. She had every thing she wished for; they certainly had had a few words on account of her whims. She would, whilst he was at work, *blow out the candles*; and, while in the dark, take the opportunity of *blowing him up*; at other times she would drag the chair from under him, and, in fact, he had no peace!

The complainant replied, "Why don't you be *sociable* then, and act like a husband?" that's all I want."

The Magistrate discharged the warrant, and advised the husband to take her home, and be *sociable*. They then left the office.

ERUPTION OF MOUNT VESUVIUS.

On the night of the 23d of October, the mountain offered one of the most splendid sights in nature. The wind having died away, the smoke, which had before been carried off in separate masses, now collected, and formed an immense column of more than a mile in height, resting on the summit of the mountain. This column, penetrated by the rays of the sun, which were differently refracted by its masses of unequal density, presented a most splendid spectacle. By degrees the cloud of volcanic matter obscured both the sun and Vesuvius itself. Night came on, and the beauty of the phenomenon exceeded all anticipation. Torrents of fire issued from the crater, descended through the column of dark clouds, swelled gradually in their progress, and exhibited the sublime view of a mountain of fire beneath a heaven of smoke.—The concussions of the mountain followed in quick succession. A sound of low thunder continued without cessation. The shocks were felt even in the capital. Frequent gleams of electricity broke at intervals the double darkness of the night and the volcanic vapour, and gave the finishing to one of the most magnificent scenes ever witnessed by man.

Unitarianism is making rapid progress in the world. In England there are said to be at present not less than four hundred regular congregations. In Transylvania, there are at present 40,000 Unitarians, constituting 120 churches. Unitarianism is one of the four modes of religion which enjoy equal freedom and protection in that country, the other three being the Roman Catholic, the Calvinistic, and the Lutheran.

Greece and Turkey.—A letter from Cyprus dated the 15th of August, written by the English Consul, states, that the Turks have destroyed 62 towns and villages in that Island. The male inhabitants were murdered, and those of the women and children who were not burnt in their houses, were reserved to be sold as slaves. He concludes by saying that the Christians were every where hunted like wild beasts. The Turks entered the convent of Pentecostion, and having saddled and bridled the monks, like beasts of burden, they mount-

ed their backs and rode about the country. They set fire to the environs of the monastery of Ki-on. The conflagration continued 23 days. Forests of fruit trees, vineyards, &c. fell a prey to the flames, and a tract of country, thirty five leagues in extent, remarkable for high cultivation, is now a heap of ruins. But there has been no insurrection in Cyprus!

Rice Glue.—An elegant cement may be made from rice flour, which is at present used for that purpose in China and Japan. It is only necessary to mix the rice flour intimately with cold water, and gently simmer it over the fire, when it readily forms a delicate and durable cement.

DOMESTIC.

The expenses of the legislature of Pennsylvania are about 600 dollars a day.

Some of the prisoners confined in the Ohio Penitentiary, Columbus, made an attempt to destroy that building on the 9th ult. They placed a slow match in the garret, which communicated fire to the roof earlier than was intended.

The New-York Canal Loan of 300,000 dollars, has been taken by the State and Mechanics' and Farmers' Banks of Albany, at a discount of one per cent on a five per cent stock, or 99 dollars in money for every 100 dollars in stock.

The Editor of the Newport Republican affirms, that every circumstance alleged in that paper respecting a late extraordinary attempt of a cat to suck the breath of an infant, is true; and can, if necessary, be proved by affidavit.

The commissioners of the district of Spring Garden, on Monday evening last, re-elected Joseph B. Norbury, Frederick Hass, William Warner, George Esler, Martin Ludie, and Jacob Frick, directors of the public schools in the said district, for the ensuing year.

A large grey Eagle was shot a few days since, in Bethany, (Penn.) while perched on the top of a tall hemlock tree, on the East bank of Delaware river, which measured 3 feet 1 1/2 inches between the points of its wings; and attached to one foot was a Fox Trap, which had been missing from its place for five days or more.

Jacob Elliott, the Negro who stabbed John Kean, in September last, in Wilmington, Del. was executed near New Castle, on the 31st ult.

On St. John's day last, the 27th of December, the right worshipful grand master of the Grand Lodge of Pennsylvania, re-appointed the Rev. George C. Potts, and appointed the Rev. Mr. Bedell, grand chaplains for the present year.

The Messrs. Pratt, of Madison, New-York, are said to have raised 5023 bushels of shelled corn, on three acres of ground, making on an average 1674 bushels an acre!

The Baptist Meeting House in Russell, Massachusetts, was destroyed by fire on the 27th Dec. It is supposed that the flames were intentionally kindled.

It is said that Mr. McDuffie, is so rapidly recovering from the effects of the wound received in the duel with Col. Cumming, that he may be expected to take his seat in Congress, the last of this month.

Mr. Sylvanus Martin, of Litchfield, Herkimer county, (N. Y.) while returning from a shooting match, late on Christmas night, in company with a young man, and within a short distance of his residence, at Remington's Forge, observed to his comrade, that he would give them a gun. He accordingly loaded his rifle with a handful of powder. His companion advised him not to fire; it but he said he would risk it, and pulled the fatal trigger which burst the rifle in three pieces; one of which entered his mouth, and passed through one of the jaws, down into the breast, and came out back of the shoulder blade. He instantly expired, aged 27.

Purcell, the free man of colour, who gave information of the intended insurrection in South Carolina, has been rewarded by the Legislature of that State, with a pension of one hundred dollars a year for life, and exemption from taxation.

Last week as a young woman, named Ann Robbins, about 22 years of age, was amusing herself with others, sliding on the river at Middletown, (Conn.) the ice broke, when she and a young man fell into the water. After striving for some time to extricate themselves, the young woman told her companion to save himself and leave her to her fate, and immediately sunk.

Ship Building.—Since April, 1821, there has been launched at the port of New York, 36 ships, amounting to 14,500 tons, and averaging about 402 tons each; besides numerous brigs, schooners, sloops, steam vessels, &c. Two other ships are in a state of forwardness for launching.

Turkeys.—Mr. William Hyatt, of Galen, Seneca county, N. Y. has raised the past year, from 12 old ones, four hundred and forty Turkeys.

The Hon. GIDEON GRANGER, late Postmaster General of the United States, died at his seat in Canandaigua, N. Y. on the 31st of December.

Suicide.—A young man named Elisha Holmes, in East Hartford, Conn. put a period to his existence on Saturday morning last, by cutting his throat with a razor.

William Longly, has been convicted before the Supreme Court, at St. Albans, Vt. of passing counterfeit bank bills, and sentenced to ten years confinement in the state prison.

On Thursday week, two men were arrested at New York for passing counterfeit notes. The bills are said to be of a new emission.

Agriculture.—The Legislature of North Carolina have almost unanimously passed an act, which appropriates 5,000 dollars annually, for two years, to the encouragement of this "mother of the arts."

Accounts from Louisville, Ky. to the 7th ultimo, state that the river continued to rise and was then higher than it had been since the spring of 1815. The small portion of the town which lies in the river bottom, and the town of Shippingport were immersed in water. The citizens residing in the lower part of the town were confin-

ed to the upper stories of their houses. Considerable losses had been sustained. The steam boats United States, Vesta, and Robert Jackson, were in town.

Newspapers.—In the state of New-York there are at present 99 weekly newspapers, one published thrice a week, and daily ones—in all 110. It is estimated 164,000 papers are circulated weekly, eight millions and a half a year—in value about 270,000 dollars.

Three ladies, belonging to the relief order of Ursulines at Quebec, who had left New-York for New Orleans, on board of an American vessel, were captured by pirates; but, fortunately, on the following day they were released by a British ship of war. It is not said how the pirates treated these members of the sisterhood.

The body of a man, named Elias Taylor, was lately found in a hollow tree, in the town of Batavia, (N. Y.) He was supposed to fit of insanity: in one of which, he had his family in August last, and although diligently searched for, was not found until his skeleton was found.

Affray.—The workmen employed on the Canal at Lockport, N. Y. were extremely riotous on Christmas eve, and dangerously wounded several of the village constables. Twelve of the men were secured after a severe conflict, and thirteen of the principal rioters escaped into Canada.

The New York American Bible Society have erected a house in that city, 50 feet front and 100 feet deep. It cost \$30,000. It contains accommodations for the house and his family, a printing office with its presses, a bindery, and place of deposit which will hold 60,000 Bibles and Testaments.

Most Horrid and Unnatural Murder.—A diabolical and inhuman act was recently committed in the village of Ogdensburg, N. Y. by a foreigner, named William Kirby, who has been for several years in the United States. About two weeks since, he arrived in this country, and joined his wife, who was formerly his wife. Kirby had three children, two of which were the children of a former husband. On the fatal morning, about 10 o'clock, Kirby led one of the children to the bridge which crosses the Otsego at Ogdensburg, and deliberately threw them from the bridge into the water, where the little victims to his inhumanity were seen, being seen to struggle for an instant, and then disappear. The shocking scene was witnessed by two or three persons in the village. One of the children, a little girl of two years and six months, was his own child—the other, a boy, about four years and six months old, was his wife's child.

A few weeks since, a boy who lives with a farmer in the neighborhood of Harrisburg, was searching under a barn for some young pigs which had escaped from the sty and taken refuge there, among some old straw. The boy discovered some small pieces of paper as he was turning over the straw and dirt, and brought them to his master; the papers were found to be bank notes, and were suspected to be counterfeits, but on examination they proved to be genuine. The boy was again sent under the barn, and searching, he found good bank notes to the amount of \$1000, and several notes which were torn to pieces by the rooting of the pigs. The money is chiefly in Post Notes, and has been deposited in the Harrisburg Bank. There is something mysterious in this affair, and this publication may lead to a development of the circumstances attending to strange a concealment of property.

A most serious occurrence lately took place in Richmond, Madison county, Kentucky. In consequence of some controversy, Edmund Irwin Esq. a young gentleman of that place, made an attack upon Mr. Lewis T. Mattingly, editor of the Richmond Republican, who, being armed with a pistol, shot his assailant through the heart, so that he instantly expired. Mr. Irwin had been but a few weeks married to a daughter of Gen. Clay, Esq. of Madison county.

Tickets No. 2929, which drew the fortunate prize of 100,000 dollars, in the Grand National Lottery, turns out to be the property of Mr. Chastine Clark, of the firm of C. & G. Clark, auctioneers, of Richmond. It is said he owes the good luck to a dream! he having on a certain night dreamed that he had seen it announced on a board in large letters, that particular number had drawn the highest prize. The next day he called at the different lottery offices in Richmond, and not finding the ticket, prevailed on a broker to send for it to Washington. It was thus procured for him, and so confident was he from his dream, that it would draw the \$100,000, that he manifested no agitation on the fact being announced to him!

The office of the Hornet newspaper, printed at Richmond, Vir. was completely demolished by a mob on the night of the 27th ult.

An old inhabitant of the State Prison, named Jeremy Scanlin, who was lately pardoned and set at liberty, was detected on Tuesday last in stealing plates from the pantry of the New-York Coffee House, and sent back to his old quarters.

A detachment of naval officers, marines and sailors, left Alexandria on Thursday, in the steam boat Potomac, to join the expedition, fitting out at Norfolk, against the pirates. Another vessel sailed on Monday, last week, with sailors for the same place.

MORE CHALLENGES.—Mr. Harrison, of Virginia, who so pompously challenged Eclipse to run against Sir Charles, last autumn, has now challenged Mr. Van Ransst to run his filley, three years old, to be produced another of the same age, to be produced by him in the Spring, for a purse of \$5000, two mile heats. Mr. Van Ransst very properly declines, as his filley has never been tried, and he thinks it looks too much like gambling, to bet large sums upon untried horses.

The New-York Society for the promotion of the breed of Horses, have presented Mr. Purdy, who rode Eclipse, in the match race with Sir Charles, at Washington last fall, with a pair of beautiful silver pitchers.

Suicide.—Joshua Huss, a young man from Lancaster County, Penn. a house carpenter by trade, who has resided in Wilmington, Del. upwards of a year, committed suicide by cutting his throat with a razor, on Friday morning last.

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